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The Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

Evidence Which Suggests There Was a Powerful and Highly Civilized People Who Understood Secrets of Nature and Science Which Were Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man—Where They Lived—What Destroyed Them

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.
CHAPTER VI.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

IN the last chapter was mentioned the forbidden knowledge of the sorcerer, the astrologer and the alchemist, who were tortured and burned at the stake during the Middle Ages for literally knowing more than the law allowed. This knowledge, though mixed with charlatanism to impress the ignorant and deliberately confused to fool the authorities and keep secrets from being stolen, and though distorted by being copied and recopied and passing from mouth to mouth, had a real scientific basis.

Where did these hunted bootleggers of knowledge get it originally? It came down the ages from its prehistoric source in two streams, oral and written. For the most part the real knowledge was the oral. Knowledge is power, but not if everyone else has it. Perhaps the first writing was done with as much thought to conceal the message from others as it was to be clear to the recipient.

Today a discovery can be copyrighted or patented. If a medical scientist discovers a cure for cancer this year he will probably give it to the world free, but in return he will receive fame and honor worth millions.

The ancient, however, who knew a secret had to hide it as he would gold among a band of thieves. It is believed that the invention of the compass was discovered and lost many times because such a precious aid to navigation was kept a secret, "magic" mystery. Into quite recent times mariners discovering islands carefully set them down on their maps several hundred miles out of their true position, so that nobody else would find them. When the ancients did commit their secrets to writing, usually only those who had the key to their jargon could make anything out of it.

While the Cabalists and the Magi from the East taught their few initiates the secrets of the occult sciences, which they had received by oral tradition, there existed at the same time another science which may be called official. Instruction in this was given in books preserved in libraries for the benefit of posterity.

These books were scarcely known in civilized Europe except for a short period after the Crusades, and again after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Before this, about the ninth century, there were the property of the Caliphs, who, at Bagdad, and to some extent in Spain, collected all that they could save of these precious manuscripts of antiquity.

The manuscripts, unfortunately, had been, partly destroyed on several occasions by the barbarians during the incursions which ravaged the world for hundreds of years after the fall of the Roman Empire. Rome and Constantinople had seen their scientific treasures burned and pillaged, as were those of Alexandria, perhaps the greatest depository of the ancient learning.

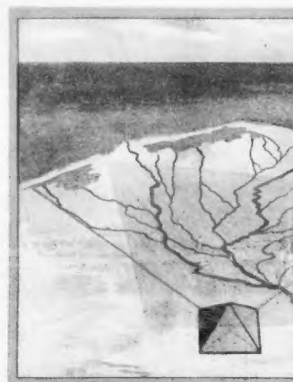
In short, what has been saved to us, through the medium of the Arabs, of the Roman and Greek civilization, and that of Egypt, is relatively small in comparison with what has been lost. We have enough, however, to give us a nearly correct idea of what man knew at the three thousand years ago. And, furnished with these documents, we can draw some remarkable conclusions. In the first place, we observe that the earliest Greek scientists whose names have been preserved, such as Thales or Pythagoras, who lived about 2,500 years ago, appear to have drawn their knowledge from Egypt. Considerably later Plato was for a long period instructed by the Egyptian priests. The instruction which he received enabled him to lay down valuable metaphysical theories, but unfortunately he did not transmit to us the facts upon which these theories were based, and we know nothing positive, perhaps for esoteric reasons, about the mysteries which were revealed to him in the temples where he received his education.

It is only at the end of the Egyptian civilization, properly so-called, that is to say, during the dynasty to which Cleopatra belonged, that we find precise documents on the sciences of this period, and consequently of the preceding periods. This shows that the exact sciences had attained a high level, from which, as we have seen, they steadily fell until the Middle Ages.

But in this official science of the late Egyptian period there were very great errors and many questions entirely overlooked. The most scrupulous and the most faithful of the Greek historians, Herodotus, who also traveled in Egypt, brings us fresh testimony concerning the Egyptian scientific knowledge.

It is easy for us to observe that the writers of antiquity possessed in the matter of geography very rudimentary notions. They believed at that time that Europe was as large by itself as Africa by Asia taken together. They believed that the earth came to an end in the southerly direction at the sources of the Nile. They therefore knew nothing of the size of the earth and its dimensions.

Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man—Where They Lived—What Destroyed Them



The Earth as the Geographers of the Civilized World Showed It at the Time of Herodotus, About 2400 Years Ago.

If We Prolong the Diagonals of the Base of the Pyramid of Cheops, We Find That They Exactly Enclose the Delta of the Nile and a Bisecting Line Dividing Them Would Cut the Delta Into Two Exactly Equal Parts.

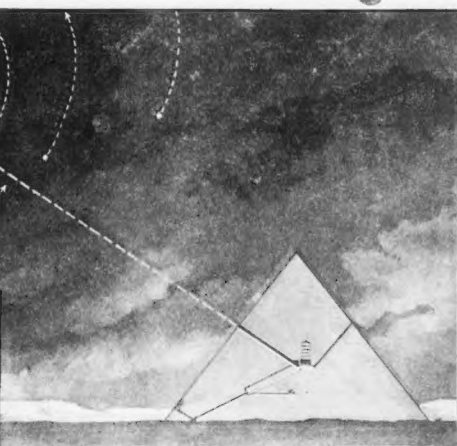
They did not imagine that they could measure its weight. They were entirely ignorant of its position in space and of the distance of its path around the sun. They had no notion of latitude. In astronomy, also, there is no evidence that they identified the Polar Star or the precession of the equinoxes. Everybody knows that it was necessary to wait until the twentieth century to have instruments sufficiently perfected and knowledge sufficiently profound to be able to measure with exactness the distance of the earth from the sun. From the curious, sometimes nonsensical and often comically wrong documents of the ancients one can easily make out a case showing how scientifically ignorant were the old Egyptians, if it were not for a few documents in stone. We will leave aside manuscripts and papyri, however ancient they may be, and consider instead the very much more ancient document, the celebrated pyramid of Cheops. To study it better, we will take, as Herodotus, discoverer of the planet Uranus and its satellites, and Ptolemy, author of "Our Laboriousness in the Great Pyramid" and other works. And after considering the surprising things which they reveal to us, let us see what we can discover ourselves.

The more a modern scientist studies that astounding monument the more it startles and confounds him. As late as 250 years ago the combined astronomical, geographical and all other knowledge of the world could not have planned and built that pyramid. Yet there it stands, thousands of years old, a mocking voice from a hoary past.

It is known that in order to establish our position in space and find the celestial pole accurately, it is not sufficient to possess a compass and to know the position of the stars, but that we must add to these data complicated calculations based on measurements made by instruments of precision.

We have only possessed these instruments for a few years, which means that, in spite of all the precautions taken, the measurements made and the monuments established until recently were not without error. This is the case with most of the observatories, from that of Uraniborg, built in the 16th century by the celebrated Tycho Brahe, which shows an error in orientation of about 18 minutes of an arc, down to the observatory of Paris, which is only 210 years old.

Therefore, it is shown that barely two and a half centuries ago the greatest scientists were incapable of constructing a monument for the future, towards the east with the necessary accuracy. They were not sufficiently equipped with instruments to do that, and the state of their knowledge did not give them greater accuracy. Now how shall we explain that nearly 5,000 years ago



The Direction of the Great Pyramid With Regard to the Polar Star, Which at This Time Related to the Constellation of the Dragon, Was Calculated Nearly 5,000 Years Ago With Such Precision That Modern Scientists With Their Most Perfected Instruments Could Hardly Do as Well.



Although the Egyptian Priests Represented the Sun in the Form of a Faience God, They Possessed a Knowledge of the Exact Nature of This Body as Advanced as That of Today.

This time we cannot call it an accident. If the pyramid were slightly out of the line on the right or the left, we might say that its position was not due to scientific geometry. There was no special reason of convenience, perspective, nearness to the river, etc., which obliged them to construct the pyramid in this place. When they selected it, it must have been with a knowledge of conditions and for certain fixed reasons.

All this proves that the first civilized men of whom history has preserved any traces were admirable geometers and excellent astronomers. They were even much more learned in these sciences than their immediate successors. Without leaving their country they could carry out all these operations and make their calculations accurately. These are proofs of great skill and profound science. There is nothing mysterious about it so far.

Now we come to the point where the mystery begins. Let us examine the meridian which passes through the summit of the pyramid of Cheops and follow the circular line which it traces around the globe. We shall at once perceive that while modern geographers made it a question of national pride to adopt such and such a meridian as the starting point of their system, they might have come to an agreement with advantage by selecting that of the pyramid. Of all the meridians it is the most logical and the most natural, for it divides into two exactly equal parts the habitable continents, passes on one side of the globe through the largest number of continents and the fewest seas, and upon the other side through

the greatest possible extent of ocean. It is much surer than any other meridian to the present meridian of Greenwich. And although the reader may be surprised by this observation, he will be more so when he examines the parallel of latitude and perceives that in its path around the globe it also covers the greatest possible extent of continents.

Is this everything? By no means. We are only at the threshold of the mystery which we are trying to penetrate. We will pass rapidly over considerations of a mathematical kind which are very surprising, but which are of special interest to experts and require too abstract explanations to be set forth here. We will content ourselves with pointing out that the famous problem of the relation between the circumference of a circle and its diameter, expressed in algebra by the Greek letter π , has an infinite figure in its solution.

This figure, which has been calculated in recent times with a certain number of decimals, and which is expressed in practice by the figure 3.1416, was represented by the ancients as something intermediate between

$$\frac{10}{70} \text{ and } \frac{10}{71}$$

which is equivalent to the figure 3.1428, in which the first two decimals alone are correct. This uncertainty was unavoidable at that time because certain methods of calculation were unknown except by the constructors of the great pyramid. For if we divide the perimeter of the base (the sum of its sides) by double its height, which is exactly what we do today when we calculate the relation of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, we obtain exactly the figure 3.1416.

Let it be noted on this point that St. John Vincent Day found that the area of the meridian section of the pyramid bears the same proportion to the area of its base as one (1) to π . This is, as we have seen, the mystery continues. It is now going to become much more profound, and it is now something like vertigo that we look over the abyss of surprises which is opening before us. It is known that much of the labor of modern science has been directed towards measuring the exact size of the earth. To reach this result it was first necessary to measure a part—that is to say, an arc or a portion of the earth's circumference—by various complicated methods which have only been reached with some degree of precision in our days.

These methods have shown us at the same time that the earth is slightly flattened at the poles. It is, indeed, according to this calculation that a certain number of modern nations, as a result of decisions taken at the time of the French Revolution, have adopted the metre as the unit of length because they believed it represented exactly the ten-millionth (10,000,000th) part of the quarter of the meridian, but which they now know to be short by about 1/5000 of its length.

This error was unavoidable because the contour of the earth is not exactly regular, and each meridian has its own length. In order to have a non-changeable base it would have been necessary to establish a unit of measurement upon the meridian but upon the unchanging length of the polar radius. This length has only become known with certainty recently on account of the advancement of science and our perfected instruments. But no

(Continued on Page 2)

Eating Contest That Invite Indigestion

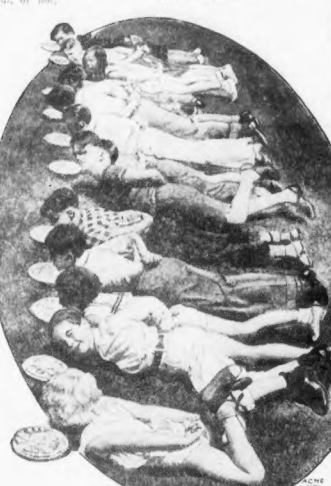
SEVERAL years ago an eminent dietitian labeled pie-eating contests and similar gastronomic sports tests as silly, inhuman stunts dangerous to the well-being of the contestants. Many doctors added the weight of their experience to the dietitian's statement.

But whether it's healthful, or not, people continue to engage in eating stunts for the sake of publicity, or merely, or to advertise something or other—and they have devised contests in which the eaters are almost certain to suffer after attacks of indigestion.

The photograph at the right shows a modern version of the old-time pie-eating contest in which a few of Hollywood's youth, fat actors and actresses are trying to swallow each other in disposing of a meal lying flat on their stomachs and heads the one of their hands. Few ways of taking food could be more unnatural, or more likely to cause violent "tummy-ache."

The picture in the center shows two diners precariously perched on a girder swinging from the boom of a derrick high above the streets of New York. The eaters had their nerve with them, and they ate a full dinner. But both of them, veteran iron workers, admitted, when they got back to earth, that their meal tasted most uncomfortably in their stomachs.

(Below)—An Eating Contest for Child Actors Held in Hollywood. The Contestants Were Required to Lie Flat on the Ground and Eat Without the Use of Hands.



A Meal Ate a Steel Structure in New York City, Which No One But a Veteran Steel Worker Could Enjoy.

even for trained athletes and at the end of the meal both were physically exhausted. The food, of course, had to travel up, instead of down, to their stomachs. And the blood rushed to their heads because of their inverted attitudes. Indigestion, after such an unusual repast, was inevitable.



An Athletic Club Eating Contest, Which Probably No Athletic Instructor Would Recommend, Except as a Stunt.

The third picture shows a pair of gymnasts taking food while standing on their hands. This stunt was, of course, a strenuous one.

No More Wrinkles for Prunes

IT is doubtful if a prune converts itself with the wrinkle, that mark its transformation from a plump and smooth-skinned plum. But the plum grows of California and elsewhere have the notion that the popular prune would enjoy even greater popularity if it presented a less corrugated complexion to the world in general and to the prune-purchasing housewife in particular.

Whether this notion has any foundation or not, an inventor has devised a machine which is said to bring about a distinct improvement in the complexion of prunes. This machine—which looks like a lawn roller—adds with many rows of little spikes—picks the prunes while they are still plump from the ground after they have fallen, or been shaken from the trees on which they grew.

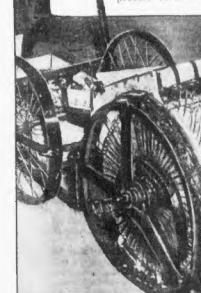
To tell the truth, the machine is not primarily a beautifying device, and its inventor was not particularly concerned with the appearance of the fruit when he conceived his contraption. But it seems that the plum-complexion acquires a great many of its wrinkles in the process of handling and that the less it is man-handled the smoother and brighter the fruit it presents on the shelves and in the bins of the corner grocery.

The plum gathering machine saves one process of handling as well as a great deal of time and manual labor in the orchard. One operator, pushing the machine over the plum-strewn ground can gather more plums than a dozen human workers gathering the fruit by hand and tossing it in baskets.

The young prunes—when it is growing on the tree and must still be called a plum—is a pretty thing to behold and is almost gleeful in shape. And right up to the time of harvesting its cheeks are smooth as those of a newly hatched chick. It is after the harvest that the plum begins to acquire its wrinkles—during the drying process which makes a prune of what was once a plum.

The plum gathering machine—which is said to improve the complexion of prunes—is the invention of one James Lockford and was shown, along with hundreds of other time and labor-saving devices, at the National Inventors' Congress held in Oakland, California.

Several big plums were attended the interesting display of inventive genius and were particularly intrigued by the plum picker as a more efficient means of getting plums off the ground and as a preserver of the original plump-like beauty of the pockered prunes.



The New Machine for Gathering Plums. It Prevents Their Being Wrinkled, So That When Developed Into Prunes They Present an Even, Shiny Surface.



Signorina Yolanda Lavezzeri, a Milan Girl, Whose Typical Italian Features Have Been Lost on a Model Which Is Loaned to All New Recruits in the Cause of Fashion. Every Soldier in Italy Now Is Carrying This Girl's Picture in His Pocket.

A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

(Continued from Front Page)

modern nation has yet utilized it as a standard of linear measurement. But this is the standard which the constructors of the great pyramid seem to have adopted 5,000 years ago. For every-day purposes, the Egyptians made use of a certain system of measurements, but their priests used a different one, which was exclusively reserved for them and which they used in the building of the pyramid. The sacred cubit or the pyramidal cubit was almost exactly the ten-thirtieth (1,000,000th) part of the terrestrial polar radius, as it would be calculated today by our most exact and perfected instruments.

Thus we find that during fifty centuries of civilization, science has slowly progressed and has repeated the calculations of its predecessors sought in perfect technical methods and its experimental knowledge, it has worked, observed, studied, reasoned, reflected; it has improved with slow patience the treasures of learning amassed by many generations. And it has finished by making a discovery which is only a repetition of a fact known at the beginning of these fifty centuries by some remarkable initial and perfected instruments.

Then what does this mean? Had the priests of the fourth dynasty of Egypt measured and weighed, so to speak, the earth like a globe which they held in their hands? And if that fills us with surprise, let us prepare to be still more astonished. Let us take other measurements of the pyramid. If we multiply the height of the pyramid exactly one thousand million (1,000,000,000) times, we find the distance from the earth to the sun, a distance which modern astronomers have only learned precisely within sixty or seventy years.

Many other figures will also astonish us; figures connected with the exact length of the year, which the civilization of Greece and Rome that arose after that of Egypt did not know how to calculate; figures concerning the weight of the globe and its density; figures concerning the length of the path of the earth upon its orbit in 24 hours, made, according to Piazzi Smyth, with more accuracy than

could be done with the English yard or the French metre; a whole series of figures, in fact, suggesting a last science of which we must now seek the explanation.

We have just seen that the priests alone possessed this remarkable scientific knowledge and that the ordinary documents, manuscripts, scientific works of all kinds which have survived to us from antiquity, contain no traces of such erudition. There must, therefore, have been a secret science and historic tradition transmitted through a few privileged persons and preserved by them in a form inaccessible to the vulgar herd who passed by the monument without seeing anything of what it revealed.

Let us remember that this mysterious method of procedure was kept up through many centuries. Our old Gothic cathedrals are full of symbols which we can no longer read, but which were open books to the initiates of the time when they were built. We have pointed out in our preceding article that the magic formulas of alchemy are inscribed in visible symbols among the sculptures of Notre Dame in Paris. But these are not the only records of the tradition of the mystery which has been preserved for the benefit of a few.

To return to the great pyramid, it is very probable that if we studied other ancient ruins with the same attention and the same care, we should find surprising revelations in them. But it is also certain that this study would become more and more productive as we went back into the past. The pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx are without doubt the most ancient monuments of the first importance which have been preserved to our day. The pyramid shows us that at the beginning of what we call civilization some secrets of the universe, which we are now beginning to discover, were already known. By what means had they been learned? Where did the Egyptians at the beginning of their settlement in Africa bring them? Who revealed this learning to them? This is something which we are now going to try to learn.

(Continued Next Sunday)

An Artist 1,000 Centuries B.C.

PERHAPS the photograph below depicts primitive man 100,000 years before the Christian Era in a pose he never assumed, and perhaps it is a true picture of one of our ancient ancestors trying his hand at crude artistic expression. Anyway the interesting piece of sculpture, which was recently shown as part of an exhibit in Germany, is believed by certain students of the origin of the human race, to be accurate.

Archaeologists have yet to find any examples of art dating back so far as 100,000 years B. C. but they have found, on the walls of caves in the south of France, crude pictures of buffalo and other animals which they know were painted by a race of cave men who lived somewhere between 25,000 and 35,000 years ago. The most ignorant savage tribes inhabiting the jungles of Africa have

ceremonial drums with designs stained in vegetable dyes. No one knows how many centuries ago their long dead ancestors exercised the same urge to be artistic.

Every year scientists are unearthing new data on the prohibitive existence of the human race on earth and more often than not, the curious diggers for relics of the mysterious past, discover simple utensils and implements which attest to man's instinctive urge to be an artist as well as an animal.

The figure below, which is modeled in plaster, is that of a primitive sculptor, hunking away at a chunk of stone with another piece of stone.

It was one of many such figures which were shown in Dusseldorf, Germany, and which comprised an exhibit purporting to depict the progress of the human race. Twentieth Century Man was represented by the figure of a scholarly scientist measuring the nape of a star by viewing it through a spectroscope.



What Science Thinks Man Looked Like a Thousand Centuries Before the Christian Era. An Exhibition in Germany Recently Showed This Reconstruction of a Primitive Sculptor.

What wife I'd come to a lucky man

After
Reading

These Achievements of Miss Marguerite Clark, Can Anybody Suggest Any Worthwhile Accomplishment That This Attractive Young Woman Seems to Lack?



Showing Less Than Half of the 300 Medals and Awards Miss Clark Has Won.

"Self-steering, washes itself, makes its own gasoline," was a cartoonist's suggestion of the ideal automobile.

And the ideal wife might be described as a sort of angel who is pretty, educated, amiable, healthy, athletic, makes her own clothes, makes her own house-furnishings, decorates the walls and paints the pictures to hang on them, and in the kitchen is a champion, prize-winning maker of cakes, preserves and all-around cookery expert, and enjoys it all so much that she would rather work at home than play bridge, go to a movie or a night club.

There is no such living paragon of feminine perfection? Oh, yes, there is and her name is Marguerite Clark. She is seventeen years old and lives in Westfield, Mass.

It is said that nothing happens without a cause and yet there seems to be no explanation of why Marguerite happened.

Some scientists think that evolution works that way, suddenly producing a new species all in one jump. Perhaps Miss Clark is the beginning of a delightful new species of perfect wife. If so, where will they find even an approximately worthy husband for her, so that the next generation of daughters will not slump back to delicate-creature status?

Marguerite's mother is an exceptionally good canner, baker and all-around cook, but the reader must not suppose that this explains everything. Mrs. Clark did not teach her dutiful little daughter those things. It was the daughter who went out, took domestic science courses, practiced till she was perfect and then taught her mother.

This girl, who can do anything around the house, like a domestic science professor, is now a senior in the Westfield High School, but she showed some signs of being an unusual child when only a toddler. She was an inquisitive, earnest little soul, revealing a boy's mechanical curiosity without the usual boyish destructiveness. The child asked to help in the housework not from sense of duty but from the same feelings that make a small boy delight in helping his father tinker with a

Somehow, in those early days, the tiny effort became interested in practical problems of the household, rather than in ordinary games. She claved to make her brother and ultimately inclined, but her heart was in

Cream butter; add gradually 1 1/2 cups sugar, working it into the butter and continue until mixture is light and foamy; add dry ingredients and milk alternately. Add chopped walnut meats. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in well greased tins for 30 minutes (350 deg. F.).

BROWN SUGAR FROSTING.

2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup water
2 egg whites

Boil brown sugar and water together without stirring—until a little lifted on a spoon forms a thread (230 deg. F.). Pour over the beaten whites of eggs, beating while pouring. When cool spread and sprinkle the top with walnut meats.

WALNUT CAKE.

1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup butter
1 egg
2 cups flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup chopped walnuts
4 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon

HOLIDAY DELIGHT.

1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs unbeaten
2 cups pastry flour
1 1/2 cups raspberry jam
1/2 cup blanched almonds, chopped
1 pint cream
4 teaspoons baking powder

Cream sugar and butter together. Add eggs, flour and baking powder. Press into round balls. Place in greased muffin pans and press around edges of pan. Fill center with mixture of nuts and jam, and bake in a quick oven about 10 minutes. Cool and serve with whipped cream.

DATE AND NUT BARS.

1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
1 cup (1/2 pk.) sliced dates

Mix and sift the baking powder, salt and flour. Mix the dates and nuts through the flour with the finger tips. Beat the eggs until light; beat in the sugar gradually. Stir in the dry ingredients, nuts and dates. Spread the mixture evenly over a shallow pan, which

has been lined with paper, or well greased and dusted with flour. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes, or until the surface will spring back when pressed lightly with forefinger. When cool cut into strips four inches long by one inch wide. The strips may be rolled in confectioner's sugar. This recipe will make 18 bars.

FRUIT AND SANDWICH BREAD.

1 cup white flour
6 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup graham flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup nut meats
1/2 cup of sliced candied orange peel
1 egg
1 cup milk

Sift white flour, baking powder and salt together. Add graham flour and sugar, and stir in coarsely chopped nut meats. Separate pieces of orange peel, and measure by dropping them loosely into a standard measuring cup. Mix the peel through the flour with the finger tips. Beat the eggs; add the milk, and stir liquid into the dry ingredients. Beat the batter thoroughly. Pour mixture into a well oiled loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for one hour.



A Corner of Miss Clark's Room Which She Remodeled and Decorated in a Color Scheme of Orchid, Green and Yellow. She Made the Colonial Bookcase on the Wall From an Old Soap Box, the Desk Was Made and Refinished From an Old Table. The Wall-Paper She Cleaned But It Was Faded, So She Colored It Up With Wax Crayons in Match the Color Scheme. Her Dressing Table, Which Is Draped With Organdy, She Constructed From an Old Table and Stool. The Silhouette and Other Small Articles She Made or Painted to Match.

ent methods in the kitchen. Her mother watched and received, a series of shocks.

This quiet, pretty little daughter of hers knew astonishing things about buying and cooking and the results received such vehement approval when Mr. Clark sat down to dinner as had not been heard since the days of their honeymoon. This was delightful to have a flapper daughter take the cooking as well as the dressmaking of her mother's hands, for she had enough to do elsewhere, but it also brought its embarrassments. Marguerite's outside activities sometimes prevented her from getting home in time to cook the dinner, much as she desired that pleasure. In such cases Mrs. Clark, of course, attended to the job as usual.

But "as usual" would no longer do in that house. Marguerite's skill in the kitchen had spoiled her father for anything less delicious. His wife's cooking which up to that time had been entirely satisfactory did not taste right at all. Some wives might have decided that he did not love her any more, but Mrs. Clark knew he was right. She didn't care much for it herself any more. There was nothing to do but reverse the usual kitchen educational proceedings and get the flapper daughter to teach her mother how to cook.

Marguerite is not only a good cook but a good teacher. Also her mother was a good pupil and by studying hard under her daughter's tutelage she came an expert that now Mr. Clark can't tell the difference. Marguerite went into other things

such as painting and decorating until there was not much of a job except heavy carpentry and plumbing that she could not do around the house. Last Summer and Fall she put up 400 lbs. of fruits and vegetables which made a big saving in the Clark family budget. Also she found time to perform the same service in other families where the mother was sick and the daughters had been too busy to learn "kitchen mechanics."

She has won 300 medals at fairs and other competitions, much gratitude and praise, but all this did not put any actual cash in her pocket. Money has always been somewhat scarce in the family, especially since the depression which threw Mr. Clark out of work until recently. Marguerite wanted to go to college and that can't be done on medals.

Very well, then these things she had learned so well ought to provide the money, she thought, and it looks as if they would. This year she has gone after cash prizes, so far cleaning up over \$300. There would have been much more but for the general bad economy and the fact that she is one person. (Otherwise Marguerite would grab them all and ruin competition.)

At the Brockville Fair Miss Clark captured the \$100 scholarship in a home economics competition that covered all-around talents such as canning, helping foodstuffs, clothing and canned goods, planning menus and making a cotton ensemble. She haked a profitable walnut cake which won the \$60 prize offered by the Joseph Burnett Co. and \$25 as high-scorer of the County Ball fair competition, a State State contest open to all girls.

What a daughter she is and what a wife she will make for some lucky



Seventeen-Year-Old Miss Marguerite Clark, in a Party Dress She Made Herself.

man. Instead of adding to her father's financial troubles by asking for extra Christmas money, she makes her present herself. One of the most popular of these are wooden soldiers which she carves and paints with her own hands.

Miss Clark's bedroom needed decoration. Instead of calling in decorators she studied various methods for cleaning wall paper, but when it was done the paper proved to be faded anyway, so she colored it with wax crayons to match the color scheme. Her dressing table, covered with organdy, she built from an old table and stool and then painted silhouettes and other small objects to match.

In one of her innumerable odd lines she learned expert care of babies, useful in assisting in the rearing of her baby sister. This knowledge she now turns to profit by making a small charge for taking care of the babies of neighbors when they wish to go to the movies but have no relatives both competent and willing to have infants watched on them for the evening.

It is hard to imagine a line in which the seventeen-year-old maiden is not already perfectly trained, but she does not see it that way. Marguerite is by no means satisfied with her present skill, but only considers it a good foundation for further progress. The young lady's plans are for a four-year course at Massachusetts State College, where she hopes to become really proficient at these things in which she has already astonished everyone.

Marguerite's aim is to be a club extension worker or expert teacher in domestic science. In order to fulfill that ambition she will probably have to explain to a lot of persuasive young gentlemen why it would not be a better idea to practice all this skill in a home provided by one of them.

This Dainty Posture Suggests the Beauty Queen.



How Papa and Mama Read The Baby's Future

Interesting Studies of Infant Characteristics That Suggest Talent or Inclination Toward Certain Professions.



A Spontaneous and Natural Pose and Gesture That Forebodes a Life Tenor. A Fond Parent Interprets This Characteristic as Significant.

THE world has always been amazed at the wonderful talents which mothers think they see in their babies. There are the makings of a future President of the United States, a lyric poet, a beauty queen, a woman's rights champion, a female aerobist, a clown, a movie star—most anything that is highly paid and in the public eye.

Rarely does Mother say that the infant is going to make a fine farmer, bricklayer, plasterer, musician, stenographer, cook or waitress—or gangster. The father, looking into the crib, says, with pride: "Look at the way he swings his fists. He's going to be a Jack Dempsey."

It never occurs to Papa to prophesy that baby will be a first-class truck driver or ladder-maker. Instinctively, for the world, these fond parents, clutching their tiny lot of a hundred, are wrong. The United States can use only one President in four years. If the country produced annually one million boys who could be perfect Presidents, but nothing else, we would all starve together.

So would everybody starve if they were all actors, artists, musicians, beauty queens, artists, singers and politicians. The world can only afford comparatively few of these interesting but non-productive persons. But it can always use millions of farmers, cooks, mechanics, shop girls, "white-collar" workers and other non-showy toilers.

Fortunately for the world that is what 99 per cent of the baby crop is destined to be, regardless of what its parents see in each individual. Still, Papa and Mama may

not have been so far wrong. All they visioned may have been there at that. There are doubtless millions of "miserable, insignificant millions," thousands of men who could have made excellent Presidents, millions of men and women who would have become stage and screen stars or crowned as us on the radio, had fate permitted.

James J. Corbett, when he was heavyweight champion of the world, used to say that he often met men who, if they had trained, might have beaten him in the ring. One day a man came along and proved he was right.

Most any egg in the hive can be developed into a queen, when the bees evidently know and carefully prevent. In the same way Mother and Father may quite accurately see the possibilities of a celebrity in their offspring. The only thing that prevents their visions coming triumphantly true is the unfortunate fact that a hard-working world can only stand comparatively few celebrities at a time.



A Convincing Pose That May Indicate Possible Tendencies. A Doting Father Calls This One, "The Boxer."



Does This Oratorical Manner Indicate That This Girl Baby Will Become an Eloquutionist—Perhaps a Champion of Woman's Rights?



The Female Aerobist.



A Mischievous Expression, a Comic Attitude Which May Betoken the Circus Clown.

Man Is This Elephant's Pet

MAN has made slaves and pets of elephants for many years. There's no longer any news in that. But when an elephant makes a pet of a man, who happens not to be the brute's keeper or attendant, that is news.

The photograph illustrating this story presents graphic and amusing evidence of one elephant's affection for a common sense driver in a British circus.

The elephant's name is Bomba and his "boy friend," name is Herbert Harrington.

One day, soon after he found the circus, Herbert happened to be walking past the elephants and saw Bomba straining to get at a small pile of hay just beyond the reach of his extended trunk and kicked the hay within reach of the animal. He then went on about his work.

Several days later, when he was again walking past the line of captive elephants, Herbert felt himself being lifted from the ground and was terrified when he discovered that Bomba's leather trunk was coiled about his waist.

He screamed like a mad man when the brute swung on the verge of eating him in just of the pile of hay beside him. And he found dead away when he felt his head being thrust gently into the enormous mouth of the beast.

The circus-driver finally was convinced that Bomba had taken a great liking to him because he had kicked a pile of hay within the big fellow's reach and he was induced, by the promise of an easier and better paying job as an elephant attendant, to let Bomba repeat the maneuver.



Herbert Harrington, an Employee of the English Circus, to Whom Bomba, the Elephant, Has Taken Such a Strange Likening. Their Friendship Is One of the Traditions of the Troupe.



The Great Bed of Ware, Now in a Museum, Was Built for Twelve Sleepers. It Was Mentioned in Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night."

The World's Largest Bed?

THE British Government recently acquired, for the famous Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the ancient and famous "Bed of Ware," believed to be the biggest piece of furniture of its kind in the world.

The early history of the bed—which is nearly 11 feet long and 7½ feet wide and which will comfortably accommodate a dozen sleepers—is obscure. But it is believed that the curio was relic was made for Ware Park, the baronial hall of a nobleman about 1550, and that it graced a huge chamber in his mansion for more than a century.

It is known that the bed was in use at the Crown Inn, in the village of Ware, in the early eighteenth century, and that it was removed from there in 1761 and set up in the Swaney's Head Inn in the same community. The records of that hostelry relate that the bed frequently saw service "for as many as twelve frolicsome sleepers." Fifty years ago the big bed was

moved from this inn and, until its recent acquisition by the government, ornamented a chamber in Rye House, in Haddenham—the house where the plot to murder King Charles II and the Duke of York was hatched.

Shakespeare gave the relic undying fame by mentioning it in his "Twelfth Night" in the line: "Although the show were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England." And many other writers have mentioned the great piece of furniture in works of fact and fiction.

Even if the Bed of Ware were not the sizable object it is, it would still be a valuable museum piece because of the splendid carvings which decorate its headboard, its posts and its big oaken canopy. The panels of the headboard show, in shallow bas-relief, groups of Tudor buildings such as were common in England in the late fourteenth century. Few Englishmen have seen the famous Bed of Ware, and it is expected that it will attract thousands of people to the museum, where it will have a permanent resting place.

Laughing Kitten Wins Prize

THE livestock show recently held in Wichita, Kansas, loaded a long row of cages filled with carefully groomed cats—black cats, white cats, cats with long tails and cats with no tails at all. Persian and Maltese vied with tiger cats and fuzzy-haired room cats—but none of these felines got the attention that was showered on the handful of kitty shown in the photograph. This youthful entrant was the only cat in the lot that actually could smile.

All over the spacious grounds and in the many exhibition buildings, people were asking each other, "Have you seen the laughing kitten yet? It's the cutest thing I've ever seen."

La Mer Fayeth, Jr.—that's the name of the little fellow—shown in the cup won by his thoroughbred mother—practically stole the show, as the saying goes. People quit looking at stocky steers and plump porkers to peer in the little cage where a kitten grinned back at them. The pleasant pussy put them in good humor.

But even if the laughing kitten hadn't been favored with as smiling a face as ever Mother Nature put on a domesticated feline, it still would have gone home with a blue ribbon, because its mother captured the ribbon for the "best mother cat" and her mewling brood automatically won prizes with her.

Many photographs were taken of the laughing kitten and its proud owner, Mrs. Charles Mercer, of

Wichita, who said that many letters have come to her from professional photographers who are eager to buy La Mer Fayeth, Jr., to use as a model in those amusing camera studies of cats posed in a variety of human occupations.

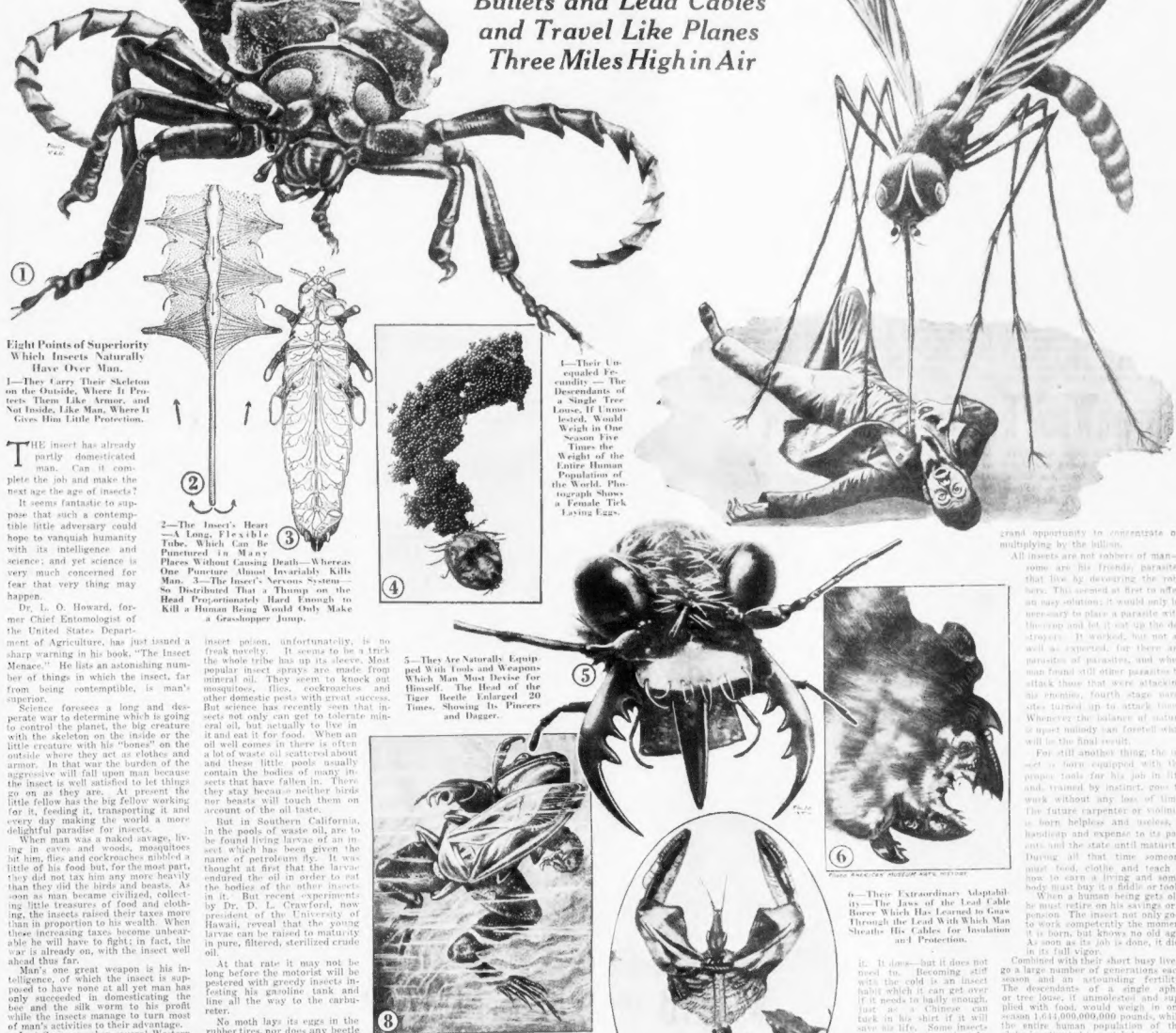


The Prize-Winning Kitten That Actually Can Laugh. It Is Owned by Mrs. Charles Mercer, of Wichita, Kansas.

As the Insects Adaptability of Our Rivals—the Bees

A Distinguished Scientist Warns That Man Is Losing His Battle Against the Insects, Revealing That They Have Learned to Breed in Oil, Eat Red Pepper, Mustard, and Even Poisons, Gnow Through Bullets and Lead Cables and Travel Like Planes Three Miles High in Air

"Humanity Conquered by the Insect World"—An Imaginative Picture by A. Hermann, Well-Known German Artist, Which Science Is Not At All Sure May Not Be a Truthful Prophecy.



Eight Points of Superiority Which Insects Naturally Have Over Man.

1.—They Carry Their Skeleton on the Outside, Where It Protects Them Like Armor, and Not Inside Like Man, Where It Gives Him Little Protection.

THE insect has already partly domesticated man. Can it complete the job and make the next age the age of insects? It seems fantastic to suppose that such a contemptible little adversary could hope to vanquish humanity with its intelligence and science, and yet science is very much concerned for fear that very thing may happen.

Dr. L. O. Howard, former Chief Entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has just issued a sharp warning in his book, "The Insect Menace." He lists an astonishing number of things in which the insect, far from being contemptible, is man's superior.

Science foresees a long and desperate war to determine which is going to control the planet, the big creature with the skeleton on the inside or the little creature with his "bones" on the outside where they act as armor and armor. In that war the burden of the aggressive will fall upon man because the insect is well satisfied to let things go on as they are. At present the little fellow has the big fellow working for him, feeding it, transporting it and every day making the world a more delightful paradise for insects.

When man was a naked ape, living in caves and woods, mosquitoes bit him, flies and cockroaches nibbled a little of his food but, for the most part, they did not tax him any more heavily than they did the birds and beasts. As soon as man became civilized, collecting little treasures of food and clothing, the insects raised their taxes more than in proportion to his wealth. When these increasing taxes became unbearable he will have to fight, in fact, the war is already on, with the insect well ahead thus far.

Man's one great weapon is his intelligence, of which the insect is supposed to have none at all yet man has only succeeded in domesticating the bee and the silk worm to his profit while the insects manage to turn all of man's activities to their advantage.

Last Summer, when several Western States were devastated by swarms of grasshoppers, the whole country took notice because these sudden and spectacular raids reveal the destructive power of the insect to make the green earth uninhabitable to man, yet each damage is insignificant compared with the steady destruction that is going on quietly, night and day, not only in the fields but in the warehouse, the home and inside the body of man. He has placed the germs of deadly diseases.

Man prizes himself on his adaptability and progress from the cave man up, but the insect is even more adaptable and progressive. Once the insect has man made bound printed paper books. But as soon as he did it in large quantities, storing them in libraries, so that it was worth the insect's while to use as food, the book worm appeared.

That probably did not take much planning, because paper is not very different from dry wood which many insects eat. But the drug-store beetle has mainly went out of its way. This ravenous has learned to eat anything from French mustard to cayenne pepper, mustard plasters and even highly stale insect powders.

An insect that has learned to live on

2.—The Insect's Heart Is Long, Flexible Tube, Which Can Be Punctured in Many Places Without Causing Death—Whereas One Puncture Almost Invariably Kills Man. 3.—The Insect's Nervous System—So Distributed That a Thump on the Head Proportionately Hard Enough to Kill a Human Being Would Only Make a Grasshopper Jump.

insect poison, unfortunately, is no freak novelty. It seems to be a trick the whole tribe has up its sleeve. Most popular insect sprays are made from mineral oil. They seem to knock out mosquitoes, flies, cockroaches and other domestic pests with great success. But science has recently seen that insects not only can get to tolerate mineral oil, but actually live in it and eat it for food. When an insect comes in there is often a lot of waste oil scattered about and these little pools usually contain the bodies of many insects that have fallen in. There they stay because neither birds nor beasts will touch them on account of the oil taste.

But in Southern California, in the ponds of waste oil, are to be found living larvae of an insect which has been given the name of petroleum fly. It was thought at first that the larvae endured the oil in order to eat the bodies of the other insects in it. But recent experiments by Dr. D. L. Crawford, now president of the University of Hawaii, reveal that the young larvae can be raised to maturity in pure, refined, sterilized crude oil.

At that rate it may not be long before the motorist will be pestered with greasy insects infesting his gasoline tank and time all the way to the car-renter.

No moth lays its eggs in the rubber tire, but the beetle does. It raps the paint off the fenders—not yet, but give them time. There are insects that bite holes in bullets. Scorpions devour the heads of a beetle that bores through the lead cover of telephones, cables and at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington, D. C., white ants defy Uncle Sam by chewing up his brand new paper money, postage stamps and library books.

In greenhouses nicotine sprays from tobacco solutions are used as insect killers, but that this is no infallible weapon is shown by the cigarette beetle. Now that cigarette making has become a vast industry, this beetle decided it was worth the trouble to get over its prejudice against the weed. Man has learned to smoke it, snuff it up his nose and even chew it, but the adaptable insect has even managed to eat it and raise its wife and children.

In most any way the insect is examined it appears to be better designed than man for survival under difficulties. The first great advantage is its skeleton. Man's bones are inside where a fall breaks them as easily as if on the surface. They are surrounded by soft skin, tissue, nerves and blood vessels,

4.—Their Unequaled Endurance—The Descendants of a Single Tree Toad, If Unmolested, Would Weigh in One Season Five Times the Weight of the Entire Human Population of the World. Photograph Shows a Female Tiger Laying Eggs.

5.—They Are Naturally Equipped With Long Weapons Which Man Must Devise for Himself. The Head of the Tiger Beetle Enlarged 20 Times, Showing Its Pincers and Dagger.

6.—Their Extraordinary Adaptability—The Jaw of the Lead Cable Borer Which Has Learned to Gnow Through the Lead With Which Man Sheaths His Cables for Insulation and Protection.

7.—Masters of the Art of Camouflage—Photograph of an African Mantid, a Predatory Insect Which Instantly Perfectly the Foliage and Flowers in Which It Waits for Its Prey.

8.—Unsurpassed Ferocity—A Giant Water Beetle Attacking a Full-Grown Frog.

all easily wounded. Only on his head and his chest does man use something like the insect's fine scheme of having the skeleton outside where it acts as armor, and even that has skin over it. Instead of crowing brittle with age, like man's bones, the insect's skeleton grows stronger.

A slight knock on the head puts insects in a long contractible tube that can be punctured in many places without causing death, in fact it is very hard for an insect to bleed to death. Its lungs, too, are not confined to any one place but run all over the body, according to its needs and convenience.

9.—The Insect's Nervous System—So Distributed That a Thump on the Head Proportionately Hard Enough to Kill a Human Being Would Only Make a Grasshopper Jump.

10.—The Insect's Heart Is Long, Flexible Tube, Which Can Be Punctured in Many Places Without Causing Death—Whereas One Puncture Almost Invariably Kills Man.

11.—The Insect's Skeleton—On the Outside, Where It Protects Them Like Armor, and Not Inside Like Man, Where It Gives Him Little Protection.

12.—The Insect's Jaw—The Jaw of the Lead Cable Borer Which Has Learned to Gnow Through the Lead With Which Man Sheaths His Cables for Insulation and Protection.

13.—The Insect's Head—The Head of the Tiger Beetle Enlarged 20 Times, Showing Its Pincers and Dagger.

14.—The Insect's Endurance—The Descendants of a Single Tree Toad, If Unmolested, Would Weigh in One Season Five Times the Weight of the Entire Human Population of the World.

15.—The Insect's Adaptability—The Jaw of the Lead Cable Borer Which Has Learned to Gnow Through the Lead With Which Man Sheaths His Cables for Insulation and Protection.

16.—The Insect's Camouflage—Photograph of an African Mantid, a Predatory Insect Which Instantly Perfectly the Foliage and Flowers in Which It Waits for Its Prey.

17.—The Insect's Ferocity—A Giant Water Beetle Attacking a Full-Grown Frog.

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25.—The Insect's Camouflage—Photograph of an African Mantid, a Predatory Insect Which Instantly Perfectly the Foliage and Flowers in Which It Waits for Its Prey.

26.—The Insect's Ferocity—A Giant Water Beetle Attacking a Full-Grown Frog.

grand opportunity to concentrate on multiplying by the billions.

All insects are not robbers of man—some are his friends, parasites that live by devouring the robbers. This seemed at first to offer an easy solution; it would only be necessary to place a parasite with them and let it eat up the destroyer. It worked, but not as well as expected, for there are parasites of parasites, and when man found still other parasites to attack those that were attacking his enemies, fourth stage war, also turned up to attack him. Whenever the balance of nature is upset nature can forestall what will be the final result.

For still another thing, the insect is born equipped with the proper tools for his job in life and, trained by instinct, goes to work without any loss of time. The future carpenter or violinist is born helpless and useless, a monstrous expense to its parents and the state until maturity. During all that time someone must feed, clothe and teach it how to earn a living and someone must buy it a fiddle or violin.

When a human being gets old, he must retire on his savings or a pension. The insect not only goes to work completely the moment it is born, but knows no old age. As soon as its job is done, it dies in its full vigor.

Combined with their short busy lives, go a large number of generations each season and an astounding fertility. The descendants of a single aphid or tree louse, if unmolested and supplied with food, would weigh in one year as much as the population of the globe is estimated to weigh less than a fifth of that amount. Lack of food alone will prevent any insect from multiplying like that but such fertility means that if man succeeds in killing off all but a few of some species, the next year there will be as many as ever.

Besides laying eggs by the million, insects have even more astonishing ways of multiplying. Some, or perhaps, in which larvae give birth to other larvae which is equivalent to a human baby giving birth to another baby or a baby dividing itself into twins, triplets or quadruplets when its body was looking.

Their ferocity and courage are such as not even the most savage of savages can emulate. A giant water beetle will attack a tree frog and kill it. A bee will try to fight even when it has lost all its body but its head and forelegs. Man finds it difficult to hide himself and spent billions on camouflage during the Great War. Most insects are hiding this advantage by nature at birth. The mantis, a predatory bug, is perfectly motionless, its flowers and leaves among which it lurks that only by the closest scrutiny can it be detected.

It looks as if the first million years of this war would be the hardest.

Petting Party Holdup Racket That Was Spoiled By A Jealous Girl

It hadn't been for the unexpected entrance of the little green-eyed girl, Jealousy, into the clever and profitable racket of two pretty young brunettes and a pair of gun-toting rickety men, it is probable that the Cincinnati police would still be chasing clues in an attempt to capture what they call the "petting party" bandits.

Once, when two romance-seeking males, who were too angry to mind a lot of embarrassing publicity, told the police of their unfortunate experience with two good-looking young women, one of the two pretty young brunettes—Doris Baldwin and Virginia Hatfield—were picked up by the police and held before a judge. They confessed that they came from good families and that they made the mistake of helping a couple of hard-boiled, yuletide men lure robbery victims to places where it was a simple matter to relieve the victims of cash and jewelry. The girls were promised to give up their brief and thrilling connection with the underworld, and the kind-hearted judge released them on probation after Doris and Virginia explained that they had taken up with the strangers merely as girlish prank and knew neither the names nor addresses of men.

One night, not long ago after the young women had been allowed to go free, two men reported to the police that they had picked up a couple of girls who maneuvered them to a lonely spot on a country road where they

Virginia Hatfield and Doris Baldwin, Whom the Cincinnati Police Suspect of Luring Victims to Lonely Spots, Where Holdup Men Would Rob Them.



girls had returned from some of their "pranks." He gave chase in another car and arrested Doris Baldwin and

her partner-in-crime, Otto Buchanan, who managed to escape before the policeman could snap the handcuffs on him. The girl angered by being thus unceremoniously deserted, is said to have told the officer where Buchanan probably could be found.

Anyhow, the bandit was cornered in the apartment of a girl named Mary Camden, who lived in Newport, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati. He attempted to escape by jumping from the window, but broke his



At a Dark Spot, Considered Ideal for Lovers and Gunmen Alike, the Girls Would Suggest Parking, the Police Say, and Then the Holdup Men Would Appear, Threaten the Lives of the Victims, and Rob Them. Some of the Victims Lost Their Cars as Well as Their Lads and Their Illusions.

ankle. He was taken to police headquarters muttering his hatred of jealous women who are weak and silly enough to let sentiment interfere with business. When he and Doris were brought together at headquarters he glowered at her. "Honest, honey, I didn't squeal on you," said the girl.

"Shut up!" snapped Buchanan. "Get away from me, I don't want anything to do with you." Soon after the arrest of two of the petting party bandits, the police tracked down Miss Hatfield. She was with Boyce Dickerson, the fourth member of the gang. The police believe that the quartet can be convicted of at least six petting



Mary Camden, Whose Attraction for One of the Gang Roused Doris Baldwin to Such Jealousy That She "Squealed" to the Kentucky Police, Who Wounded and Arrested Her Boy Friend When He Tried to Escape by Leaping from a Window.

party holdups and charged with many similar jobs in which the victims, preferring to avoid publicity, kept silent.

Now that her boy friend has been captured, Doris' memory of him is no longer vague. She has told the police that she will do anything within her power to help him and that, if he will have her, she'll go back to him when the troubles with the law are over.

Mary Camden, the police have learned, once served a three-months jail sentence for harboring Buchanan after a jail break. She is willing to serve another and longer sentence if by doing so she can spare him any of the penalties of playing at bandits and with the affections of a jealous girl.

Given a Whole Train for Her Birthday

WHEN, a few weeks ago, Franklin Inge Blaumann, one of the richest and prettiest young women in Germany, awoke to find herself a young woman of 21, she saw her father smiling down at her.

"When you're dressed and have had your breakfast," he said, "I'd like you to ride into the city with me. There's something I want to show you."

The girl hurried through her morning toilette and gulped her breakfast because she knew that Herr Blaumann, a millionaire industrialist, had a birthday surprise for her. As she rode from the family estate on the outskirts of Berlin into the city she begged her father to tell her where they were going and what they were going to find when they arrived there. He smiled and told her she'd have to wait. She supposed that he had bought her another automobile or some precious piece of jewelry to add to her already sumptuous collection of gems.

Arrived within the barred gates of the Blaumann steel mill, Franklin

Blaumann's father told the chauffeur to drive out to the part of the plant where the ore was brought into the place in long trains and the finished products of steel were loaded onto freight cars to be shipped all over Europe.

There the girl saw a long shed on a siding somewhat removed from the network of rail cluttered with dirty freight cars. Her father passed her a key and told her to unlock the door of the shed. She did and gave a gasp of amazement and delight—for she beheld a shining train of three cars—a parlor car, a sleeping car and a baggage car—in which the richest prince of India would be proud to travel.

The girl and her father spent more than an hour going through the private railway train moving into its luxurious appointments. They sat on the soft cushions of sprawling divans, raised and covered with deep draperies of tapestry, looked in the crystal clear mirrors of the modernistic dressing table in the corner of the bedroom suite. Inge told her father, through her tears, that she was the luckiest and happiest girl in Germany.

The enjoyment of her birthday was marred, however, by the bitter comments of many newspaper editors who learned of the regal gift denominated such splendor as vulgar and inhuman with so much want and suffering in the country.



Franklin Inge Blaumann, Only Daughter of the German Steel King, Who, on Her 21st Birthday, Was Given the Novel Present of an Entire Railroad Train.

England's Amusing Pottery Horse

MISS CLARICE CLIFF, of Burslem, England, is known all over the British Isles and Europe for her talent in designing artistic objects in pottery. She is quite as esteemed for her amusing and intelligent sense of humor.

A few weeks ago Miss Cliff held a public exhibition of some of her newest creations in pottery, which she calls "Bizarre Ware," and every piece of which is inscribed with her signature to distinguish it from similar handiwork. In this display were shelves of graceful urns, bowls, vases, plates and candlesticks, but being the incurable joker she is, Miss Cliff could not resist putting a comic note in her otherwise serious and artistic exhibition.

In a little room by itself, the pottery designer had assembled a number of the articles she had modeled and decorated in a what she called "Miss Bizarre," a horse which caused visitors to the

exhibit to burst out laughing the moment they entered the room.

Considered in detail "Miss Bizarre" was an esthetic thing—her neck was fashioned of bowls and vases intended to grace the mantles of nicely furnished homes, her shanks were slender candlesticks which might well be used to ornament some Mayfair drawing room. Her ears were shallow bowls of the type found on the hall tables of many an English manor. Yet the ensemble was as funny as any man-made horse cavorting over the stage of a London music hall.

Miss Cliff often has been criticized by her serious and artistic friends for mixing esthetics with what they call "low comedy," but she laughs at their well meant advice and reminds them that her business has increased steadily in the few years that she has employed her talents for herself.

"Having a little fun at my work doesn't make me less of an artist," she says, "and people who appreciate truly beautiful and original creations in pottery are not frightened away by innocent tomfoolery."



Miss Clarice Cliff, of Burslem, England, Exhibiting the Interesting Horse Made Entirely of Pottery Objects.



Two-Year-Old Ann McIlroy, of South Orange, N. J., Who Knows Every Numeral, Every Color, Never Forgets a Name, and Who Can Read and Write.

World's Brightest 2-Year-Old?

LITTLE Ann McIlroy, who lives in South Orange, New Jersey, and has yet to celebrate her third birthday, may not be a prodigy or a genius, but she is about the brightest two-year-old in her community, or in any other community anywhere.

At her tender age most youngsters are just getting out of the baby talk stage and struggling with imperfect, "cute," sentences. Ann has long since grown out of this phase of childhood and is as familiar with all the letters of the alphabet as most children of her age are with the simple names they have given their toys. She also knows all the numbers, the primary colors and a dozen or more tints. She can write her name.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright E. McIlroy, Ann's parents, are proud of her, but they do not think she is a prodigy. Her unusual achievements for one so young they attribute to her remarkable power of observation and her keen memory. Once the child gets a thing fixed in her mind she seems to remember it. They also give a great deal of credit to James L. Graham, Ann's 62-year-old grandfather, who has tried out certain of his theories of rudimentary education on the tot.

"Many people who have seen my granddaughter demonstrate her knowledge have warned me against pushing her too hard at such an early age," says Grandpa Graham, "but their fears are unnecessary because I have not, as they put it, 'pushed' the child at all—she is educating herself."

"Ever since she could walk and talk she has shown an interest in persons and objects. She wants to know the names of things and what they are for. I and her parents have merely told her what she wanted to know. She has done the remembering. I do believe, however, that Ann is an outstanding child and that her ability to write is a gift denied most youngsters of her age."

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How Mlle. Mistinguett Keeps Young?

The Secret of the Perpetual Youth of the Queen of the Paris Music Halls Who At the Age of 60 Sings, Dances and Does Acrobatic Feats Like a Girl of 20



Mistinguett Having Her "Million Dollar Legs" Stretched and Limbered Up by Professor Saulnier. Who Is No Gentle Athletic Trainer and Pulls and Pushes Until Bones Creak and His Pupils Scream With Pain.



Mlle. Mistinguett, in Her Costume as Ring Mistress of a Circus. She Also Drives a Chariot and Rides a Three Horses Racehark.

Mlle. Mistinguett has come back to the French capital after a year's triumphant tour of Europe, and has opened a new revue at the Casino de Paris. Mistinguett is the marvel and mystery of this generation. No one feels quite certain just how old she is; most guesses are that she is certainly not less than 60, and perhaps may be more.

And yet this remarkable woman sings, dances and performs acrobatic stunts on the stage like a girl of 20. She has not a wrinkle in her face and is neither fat nor thin. Old enough to have been a grandmother for many years, she has no intention yet of retiring, and she still reigns unchallenged queen of the music halls, drawing bigger crowds than younger, fresher vedettes. How does she maintain her perennial youth, this woman who is remembered as a stage dancer when many a gray-haired man was a boy?

"I eat frogs' legs for my agility and carrots to preserve the tint of my auburn hair!" Mistinguett remarked in a jesting tone when someone asked her the secret of her perpetual youth.

But Mistinguett's youthfulness of face, figure and muscles is not an accident. She is still able to sing her Apache songs, execute her breakneck dances, make her lightning costume changes, perform her acrobatic achievements, because she has made it her lifetime ambition to keep fit. This everlasting lady carols around behind the footlights as easily as a school girl. The youthful appearance, suppleness, activity and endurance of this imperishable stage star are the puzzle of all Paris.

Despite detractions of jealous rivals and severe caricatures of her by the cartoonists, "Miss" as she is usually called, continues to reign undisputed sovereign of the music halls.

Perhaps, as Saint-Evremond said of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who remained young-looking till her death at the ripe age of 92, Nature wishes to show by her example that it is possible not to grow old. But if this is the reason, it is certainly not the best to help Nature ward off decay.

However, it must not be supposed that the famous comedienne resembles Mme. Lalande—the superannuated heroine of Poe's story—who contrived to hold a respectable footing among the heads of the French metropolis by the aid of false hair, false teeth, false figure, powder and paint. Mistinguett's hair, teeth and shape are all her own, and she uses make-up only on the stage.



Caricature of Mistinguett by F. Peddler. Playing the Part of a Posing Youth.



Latest Picture of Mistinguett in Her New Revue Where She Is as Supple and Unwrinkled as the Youngest Girl in the Chorus.

ed, will kill a pigeon or a mouse in eight days. Mistinguett drinks light wine, undiluted, or very dry champagne with her meals, believing that this product of the vine and levis is an ingredient of the wit and levity as necessary to her vocation. Hard liquor, however, is never offered at her table. As far as sleep, she averages from 8 to 10 hours a day, except during the rehearsals when, like Napoleon, she is satisfied with 4 hours' rest. The Greek orator Gorgias, on being asked the reason of his great age and health, replied he had never accepted other people's invitations to dinner. Although "Miss" seldom turns down a request at a midnight supper-party—especially when it comes from a king—she is too wise to commit the error of overeating or drinking to excess on such an occasion. Always she has in mind her position as musical-hall queen. Perhaps the only sign of age is in her voice. It is somewhat "case"—broken and tremulous, though still possessing great sweetness. "Miss" takes prodigious care of her throat, the "couleuse" (wings) of the Casino de Paris being kept as hot as a Turkish bath. A night's absence on account of a cold would cost her 10,000 francs. She is very careful not to indulge in any indispositions which at her time of life might be of more serious consequences than to a younger woman. Not content with her dislocation dances on the stage—impossible for many stars half her age—"Miss" goes through a course of gymnastics, at regular intervals, that would put a Roman gladiator out of breath. Armand Saulnier, winter of various prizes for his physical prowess, is her professor. In 1912, he was the "Recordman du Monde," having lifted an iron weight of 90 pounds 111 times in succession. In 1924, he trained Charles Rigoulet for the Olympic games. This Hercules imposes on Mistinguett the most atrocious tasks. He makes his pupil stand on her head, turn somersaults, wrestle, box, and execute trapeze acts and the dangerous "grand cœur" (gnits). She even pays him \$5 an hour to tramp on her prostate body in order to harden her muscles. After the exercises, the "million-dollar" legs of "Miss" are rubbed down with oil, like those of an athlete. Saulnier's gymnasium, at No. 16, Rue Veron, Montmartre, is well-known to all Parisian entertainers in need of a place to limber up for their acts. Fera



Cartoon of Mistinguett as She Sings "Valencia."

Benga, the black Apollo from the Folies-Bergere, whose poses have been termed "prayers to beauty," is often seen here, as are Greck, the noted clown; Felix Rocan, eccentric Russian artist; Antontoff, of the Medrano Circus, and the Fratellini. Among other illustrious "clients" are Jane Marnac, now playing in "La Vie Parisienne" at the Mogador; Mariette de Doyers, of the Opera-Comique, and Vera, "La Grande Sauterie" (the Big Sauterie), danseuse at the Bal Tabarin. "Miss" even brought her old friend Yvette Guilbert one day to get rejuvenated.

According to backstage gossip, Mistinguett does not go to Prof. Saulnier for training alone, but also to get pointers for her Apache sketches. Fifteen years ago, before taking over the gymnasium belonging to Paul Fera, Saulnier ran a bar and Bal Musette that was chiefly patronized by cut-throats, pickpockets and "counters." He became wise in the ways of these rascals, and now is giving "Miss" the benefit of his knowledge. In fact, Saulnier boasts that some of his best customers, like Broken-Nosed Dedé Petrole and Dudule, were either killed in street fights or met death on the guillotine.

Mlle. Mistinguett does not all possess the vigor, nerves, will power, good sense and fortune of Mistinguett. Long before reaching 50, some waste away to a mere shadow, or else grow fat, falling into that roasting-apricot figure which is the portion of many women who have been pretty or simply fresh. Others break quickly under the strain, take drugs as a stimulant, and age rapidly. Eugénie Florio, star of the Cigale, became addicted to cocaine and finally committed suicide. Germaine

Sonday, "famous now" at the Moulin Blou, was a martyr to morphine. Johnny Golden, of the Folies-Bergere, shot herself after a nervous collapse.

Mistinguett finds stimulation in her work, not in dope. She tells day and night, never misses a rehearsal, and always seeks perfection in her art. If she broke down temporarily when Maurice Chevalier deserted her for Yvonne Valle, she soon recovered. At least, she shows no traces of this affair, and earned the title of having a "heart of bronze in a breast of steel."

Off stage, "Miss" throws off her load of cares, of preoccupation, and engages in all sorts of outdoor sports—horseback riding, yachting, autoing, hiking, tennis. Mistinguett is extremely fond of cats and dogs. While the actress doesn't care for such inactive pastimes as sewing or reading, she likes to play the piano and violin, and frequently employs her idle moments rambling about her estate, composing songs. Here "Miss" was inspired to write her first song, after listening to a garden-warbler (fauvette). The piece was grace itself and very sentimental, in striking contrast to those realistic farces, satires, and vaudeville (fauvette). The piece was grace itself and very sentimental, in striking contrast to those realistic farces, satires, and vaudeville.

Montaigne observed that age imprints more wrinkles in the mind than on the face; that souls are rarely seen that in growing old do not smolder and must. Mistinguett at whatever her age is—she must be with the inner mechanism of the music hall, with the conventional grimaces, fixed phrases, the paint that passes for emotion—the glintle in the eye—has not become cynical or crabbed.

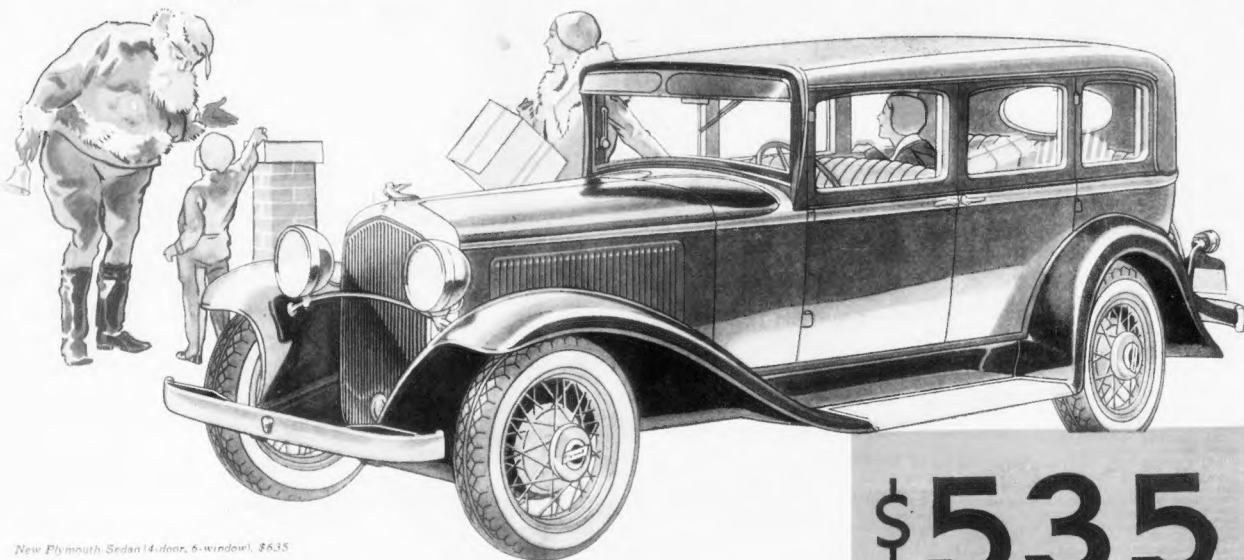
"When I was a girl," she says, "I delighted in looking for bird's nests and for many bugs (hannetons), which enchanted me when they buzzed merrily past. I rejoiced in the fair world, in a leaf, a dewdrop, a sunbeam, the flight of flowers. I was young as the creatures that flitted around me—and today I feel the same." Henri Murger wrote that everyone spent life in the search for happiness that in growing old is not found. Mistinguett seems not only to have discovered it but not to have lost her youth in the pursuit. She is like the antique sun dial that bore the inscription: "Hic non numerus sed veritas." (It is not count the hours unless they are fine ones).

THE SMOOTHNESS OF AN EIGHT · THE ECONOMY OF A FOUR

NEW PLYMOUTH

FLOATING POWER

and FREE WHEELING



New Plymouth Sedan (4-door, 6-window), \$535

EASY SHIFT TRANSMISSION - HYDRAULIC BRAKES
DOUBLE DROP FRAME - SAFETY STEEL BODY

After all—it's Performance you buy

NO WONDER the motoring world is excited!

Owners of lowest-priced cars, owners of high-priced cars, mechanical experts, engineers, dealers—all are Plymouth enthusiasts.

That's because Floating Power gives the New Plymouth the Smoothness of an Eight, the Economy of a Four.

This great scientific achievement of Chrysler Motors engineers—builders of famous Dodge, Chrysler and De Soto Sixes and Eights—has done away with—wiped out completely—the vibration that has characterized four-cylinder cars.

Floating Power in the New Plymouth now makes possible acceleration from a standstill to 40 miles in 9.7

seconds, speeds of 50 and more miles an hour in second gear, actual stopwatch speeds of 65 to 70 miles an hour in high—all delivered with the silky smoothness, not of a six, but of a fine eight.

The New Plymouth also gives you Free Wheeling at no extra cost, easy-shift transmission, double-drop frame, hydraulic brakes, Safety-Steel body, full size and eye-compelling smartness and beauty.

With these features, Plymouth now offers a most liberal service policy that specifies the replacement of any defective materials within 90 days or 4000 miles, without charge for labor or parts. It also provides for free inspection and servicing at 500, 1500, 2500 and 4000 miles. In addition, the Plymouth owner is assured of low cost

of upkeep because Plymouth labor and parts prices are among the lowest in the world.

All made possible because it is more economical to build a four as well as more economical to own one. And now with Floating Power giving the smoothness of an Eight, who cares about counting cylinders?

Results count. Facts talk. A five-minute ride will tell you more than all the words in the world. Drive a New Plymouth and decide for yourself.

NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster \$535, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe \$565, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, Convertible Coupe \$645, Sedan (2-door) \$575, Sedan (4-door, 6-window) \$635, f. o. b. factory. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments.

Non-shatterable plate glass is available on all models at small extra cost. All enclosed models are wired for Philco-Transitone radio without extra cost.

NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY DE SOTO, CHRYSLER AND DODGE DEALERS

"That bully old slogan hits me just right—



...no bamboozlin' about that!"

SURE! When a word fits, you know it! "Satisfy" just *fits* CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, he likes its neat appearance—moisture-tight but easy to open. *That* satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it *tastes better*—neither raw nor over-sweet;

just pleasing and satisfying... Then he learns it is milder. That's another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it... And again he's *satisfied*!

Satisfy—they've *got* to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a *taste* that's right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a *complete* job of it. *They Satisfy!*



Attracting Attention

*Ingenious and Striking
Schemes and Devices
Which Catch the
Eye and Stimu-
late Trade*

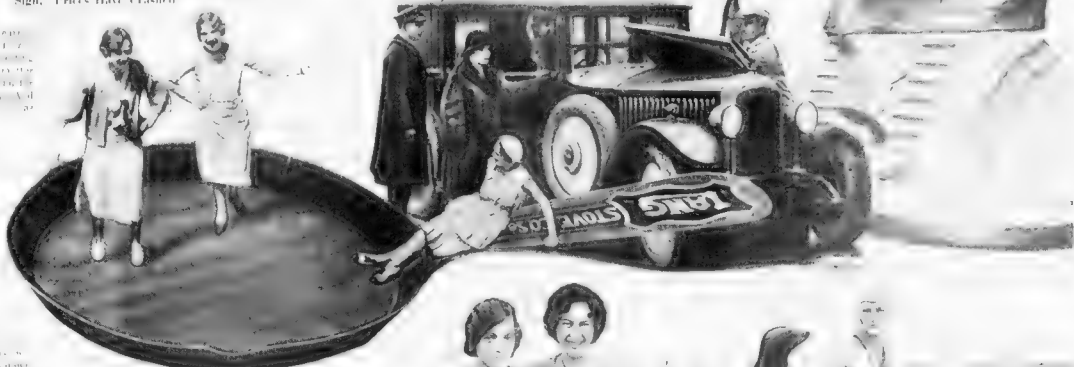


This British Merchant Bought the Wreck of an Aeroplane That Had Crashed, Fixed It Up Somewhat, Had Two Human Dummies Made and Exhibited the Outfit on the Roof of His Shop Alongside the Sign, "Prices Have Crashed"

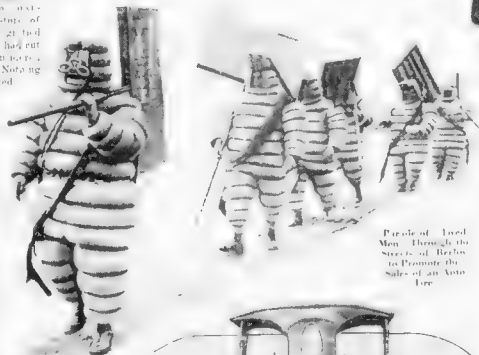
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Some of the spectators group on duty at the temple noted that the last of the group did not realize that they were there and they would have to have some time to get ready. We did so now while the group was in prayer. In fact we were just finished a five-minute silent prayer. It was not as strange as the fact that the largest of oneness did not seem to be at the expense of his rivals, who reported that they too felt a small but welcome increase. In fact the whole town quickened in response to the break in that spending prohibi-

Animals and women are among the surest attractions to draw a crowd, and a good looking woman always makes a man inclined to loosen in the old wad. The owner of a French fishing pavilion on the Channel fair, who stated it to be a common custom, said that being a luxury, they were all economizing at his expense.



This Huge Flying Pan Was Built to Promote Interest in a Poultrymen's Festival and Was Accompanied by Big Enough to Make a 10,000 Lbs. Omelet



Parade of Lined Men Through the Streets of Berlin to Promote the Sales of an Automobile



Two Tex is Young Women Club has a Pair of Trunks the Biggest Pair of Breeches Used by an American Soldier on the



How a Southern California Insurance
 Calls Attention With a Galvanized
 Iron Horse and Rider



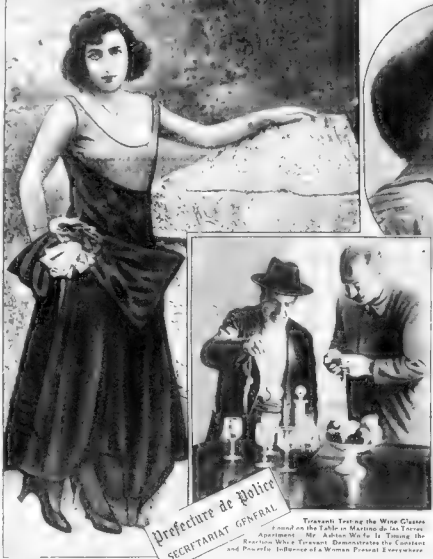
This Double-Headed Automobile Which Can Go Backwards or Forwards With Equal Facility, Drew Trade to the Repair Garage of the Owner

The Frenchman hired Mlle. Marie Perilly, an expert in the use of chemicals, also found perchloric acid in the car. She got out to the car and found a package with a sea lion on a printed label, "Coming to the U.S.A." and "Mlle. Perilly." There, she found the same chemicals in the bathing facilities were being used.

[illegible]

**Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of France, Explains
How Modern Scientific Methods Unravel Baffling Crimes and Gives
Details of Remarkable Cases, With Photographs
of the Evidence from Official Records**

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of the Evidence from Official Records**



*For one of them even
Punk respect has been
in a Wash Room in the
Sleeping Car. Really
Round Sums Best ever
and Color. Copyright Wm. H. Shuman That Somebody
Had Hair and a Gorgeous Throat*

By H. Ashton-Walfe
Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Berillon, of
the Surete (French Detective Police)
CHAPTER XII
(Continued from Last Sunday)

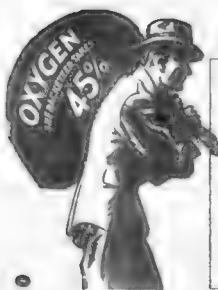
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...having been recruited in order to world soldiers. Mr. Ashton-Weale wrote in the *Illustrated London News* that the the low-breckers and the investigators

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Continued on P. 2

●The Vita-Fresh Process is not to be confused with ordinary vacuum packing. The Vita-Fresh Process is a revolutionary improvement over ordinary vacuum and all other packing methods ever devised.



WHAT OXYGEN DOES TO COFFEE FLAVOR

Scientists in a leading Eastern University have discovered that Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. They say: "Coffee packed in bags or in old-fashioned cans loses five to six percent of its flavor in nine days after roasting." All due to the attack of Oxygen!

They further state, "In the examination of cans of MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE from the regular can, varying in age from three months to two weeks, not a trace of Oxygen was found in any can. The samples tested by us gave an amount of flavor which was identical with that of freshly roasted coffee!"

OXYGEN...

takes toll from your family budget

... When packed by old-type methods coffee is robbed of almost half its flavor in 9 SHORT DAYS by Oxygen, the racketeer

COFFEE begins to lose flavor from the minute it is roasted. Surely and steadily, hour by hour, and day by day, Oxygen robs its strength and flavor, when it is packed by old-fashioned methods.

Because of this fact, the enjoyment of fine coffee with all its full flavor and deliciousness was practically unknown until a few months ago. For no method had ever been devised to protect coffee from the damage done by Oxygen. There was no way to deliver it just as it comes from the roasting ovens with all its delightful fragrance, aroma, and goodness.

In nine short days coffee packed in paper bags or in old-type cans is robbed by Oxygen of 45% to 65% of its flavor—before it reaches your home.

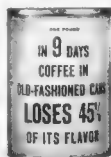
Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over earlier methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause certain flavor loss and deterioration.

But now you can enjoy full-flavored coffee as you have never enjoyed it before. The Vita-Fresh Process, a new packing method invented by Maxwell House, ends all flavor losses. It removes the air so completely that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals no trace of Oxygen in the Maxwell House can after sealing.

Remember—Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee flavor. The Vita-Fresh Process alone gives full protection to coffee goodness. Maxwell House, and Maxwell House only, gives you this guarantee of full flavor, full value in every pound.

Your money back if you don't say it's finer

Just one taste of Maxwell House will prove to you how much finer it really is. Make this test today at our risk. Ask your grocer for a pound of Maxwell House—serve it in your home prepared in your usual way. Then, if you and your family do not agree that it is the finest, most delicious coffee that you have ever tasted, just return the can, with unused portion. Your grocer is authorized by us to return promptly the full purchase price.



THE FLAVOR YOU PAY FOR

THE FLAVOR YOU GET

"YES, AND HOW ECONOMICAL IT IS! YOU GET MORE FLAVOR FROM EACH SPOONFUL YOU USE"

"WHAT MARVELOUS COFFEE—IS IT MAXWELL HOUSE?"



**FULL FLAVOR
FULL VALUE**

FLAVOR LOSS DATES FROM THE MOMENT OF ROASTING

Oxygen attacks coffee the moment it is roasted.

Many grocers believe that they are supplying their customers with full-flavored coffee because the coffee they sell has been on their shelves but a few days. Unfortunately, this may not be the case, for when coffee is not fully protected from Oxygen, flavor-loss occurs just as rapidly during the period of storage, warehousing, transit and delivery as it does on the shelf.

So remember, to be sure of full-value, full-flavor coffee, know that the coffee you buy is protected from Oxygen immediately after roasting. Maxwell House is!

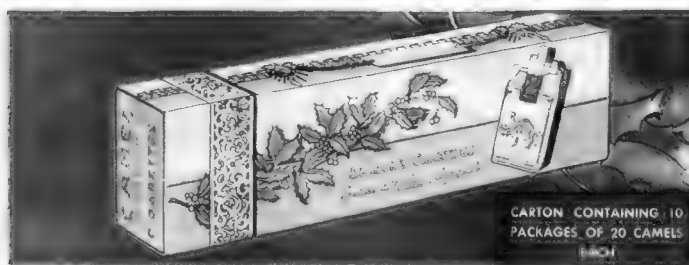


MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Good to the last drop

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

friendly Christmas suggestion from Winston-Salem



IT IS NOT the cost of the gift, but the thought that lies behind the giving that warms the cockles of the heart on Christmas morning.

Then, instead of some short-lived trinket, how much nicer to give something that will bring solace and delight for many days after the Christmas tree is gone; until the New Year is on its way.

For the cigarette smoker, man or woman, of course give Camels. A blend of choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, they are kept fresh and prime by the Camel Humidor Pack, with their natural moisture unimpaired by parching or toasting.

In appropriate holiday wrapping, Camels come both in attractive Christmas cartons containing

ten packages of twenty and in cartons containing four boxes of fifty each.

For the man who smokes a pipe, we suggest either a pound tin or one of those crystal glass humidors of good old PRINCE ALBERT. Here is a present that goes straight as a Christmas carol to a man's heart: P.A., the best loved pipe tobacco in the world, all dressed for the occasion in bright Christmas costume.

What gift can you think of that will be more welcome or give more genuine pleasure and satisfaction?

Don't you hope someone will think of such a friendly gift for you?

We wish you Merry Christmas!



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Continued from Page 16

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The first of these is the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA), which has been a leading voice for the medical profession since its founding in 1850. The journal has a long history of publishing research, clinical reports, and commentary on medical issues. It is one of the most widely read and cited medical journals in the world.

The second of these is the *New England Journal of Medicine* (NEJM), which was founded in 1812. It is another leading medical journal, known for its high-quality research and clinical reports. The NEJM is also one of the most widely read and cited medical journals in the world.

The third of these is the *Lancet*, which was founded in 1823. It is a British medical journal that is also widely read and cited. The *Lancet* is known for its high-quality research and clinical reports, and it is one of the most influential medical journals in the world.

These three journals are just a few of the many medical journals that are published in the United States. There are many other journals that publish research, clinical reports, and commentary on medical issues. However, these three journals are the most widely read and cited, and they are the most influential in the field of medicine.

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By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

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The first part of the paper is devoted to the study of the asymptotic behavior of the solutions of the system (1) as $\epsilon \rightarrow 0$. In the second part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the third part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the fourth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the fifth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the sixth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the seventh part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the eighth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the ninth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed. In the tenth part, the asymptotic expansion of the solutions is constructed.

The first of these is the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, which has been the most influential of the medical journals in the United States. It has been the most influential of the medical journals in the United States. It has been the most influential of the medical journals in the United States.

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...which always denoted success, he said.

Probably few housewives who are familiar with this pie filling have appreciated to the full its many wonderful possibilities as a holiday dinner pie. I do for example, cookies of which one never has enough at Christmas time. The hard recipe for my best cookies may be under the glow, find it to the next year, which is up or were of most in pie meat. Or the filled cookie, which is such

...elder or grape juice for flavor.
Steeping of elder reminds one
that it is the most perfect addi-
tion to the fruit moment to the
... Pour it over
... at 11 and 1
... and use is pre-
... touched up
... and use
... Indeed, it is
... the
... type of

Surprise Baked Apple Relish
(with yeast meats) — Use small apples and core carefully. Bake in a hot oven, with a little meat gravy and a splash of cider and grape juice. Sprinkle with nutmeg and brown sugar. Serve as a relish with meats, poultry or cranberry on top of

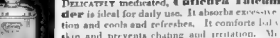


DELICATELY medicated, Cuticura is ideal for daily use. It soothes and cools and refreshes the skin and prevents chafing. It is cooling to the tender, new skin, and offers efficient protection against infection.

Price 25c. Sold everywhere.
Drug & Chemical Corp., M...
Try the new Cuti...

THE END.

CUTICURA
TALCUM POWDER



DELICATELY medicated, **Cuticura Talcum Powder** is ideal for daily use. It alsocharms every pore, purifies skin and cools and refreshes. It comforts baby's tender skin and prevents chafing and irritation. Men find it cooling to the tender, newly shaven face and a most efficient protection against infection.

Price 25c. Sold everywhere. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

Try the new Cuticura Shaving Cream.

Add "HUMANITY

to your Christmas List

TOMORROW is the first day of winter. Christmas is only five days away....

Thousands of men, caught in a web of circumstances over which they have no control, are facing winter and Christmas without jobs, without incomes.

These men and their families deserve your help.

Bring out that Christmas list once more, and below the names of those loved ones who are remembered there, write "Humanity".

Now write a check as your gift to these thousands out of work—and turn it over to one of your local relief agencies.

Checks like that will bring to those who need it most at this season the clothes and food and encouragement that will make this a really "Merry Christmas".

Give generously—for no gift on your list will bring you more true satisfaction.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Walter S. Gifford Director
(WALTER S. GIFFORD)

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Owen D. Young Chairman
(OWEN D. YOUNG)

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson



Madame Carnovali's Eyes, Troubled and Luminous, Held Mine for a Moment. Then I Compelled Myself to Look at the Pin.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PROFESSOR PHILIP VERITY, a distinguished and distinguished man, had been asked to give a lecture on the history of the city of New York at the Mount Vernon Hotel. He had been asked to give a lecture on the history of the city of New York at the Mount Vernon Hotel. He had been asked to give a lecture on the history of the city of New York at the Mount Vernon Hotel.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Lesser Devil Hu Best.

ALMAY called my secretary from the outer office. I had no need to think out the details. They were ready in my head. I must warn Madame Carnovali at all costs.

There is a man named Emilio Carnovali who lives at Mount Vernon. I said and spelled the name for her. "I want you to get him on the phone. If he is at home, say to him that I want to speak to him. If he is not there, say to whoever answers that it is a matter of business and that you will call again. And don't give my name."

"Very well, Mr. Lester," she said and went back to her office. "Mr. Carnovali was not there," she said a few minutes later. "I glanced at my watch. It was half-past three, and I smiled grimly to myself as I remembered that there was an express for Mount Vernon at four-fifteen."

I had taken that express on Tuesday afternoon. Well, I would take it again today.

At four-thirty I descended at Mount Vernon. Ten minutes later I was ringing the bell at the Carnovali house. I was surprised that my heart was beating furiously.

The woman whom I had seen at the museum opened the door. I saw that she recognized me at once.

"Mr. Carnovali?" I asked.

"No, sir. He went to New York this afternoon."

"Will you ask Madame Carnovali if I may see her for a few moments?"

"Come in, sir," she said, and showed me into a room which was the one in which Carnovali had received his visitors.

There were two windows, looking toward the street, which was visible for a considerable distance, and one opening toward the Verity place. I stepped into the room and looked out. Carnovali had been telling the truth when he said that the shutters obscured the view. It was so dense that I could catch only a glimpse of two of the other houses. The side porch was not visible at all.

I turned and looked along the room, which I remembered Carnovali had called his study. It seemed a queer name for it. It was a large room, extending almost the full width of the house, and it was crowded with tapestries, pictures, carvings, Italian antiques. Part of Carnovali's stock in trade, no doubt, stored here until he had found a place of business. But what a mess. Only the rug on the floor was not Italian. They were soft Oriental, with an intricate design of animals and flowers.

I raised my eyes to see Madame Carnovali looking at me with a little smile.

"Mr. Lester," she said, and came forward quickly and held out her hand.

"Please sit down," she went on. "I am ashamed for anyone to sit in this room. I am sure that you were looking at it with astonishment. I do not blame you. It is at one end of the street—a very crowded and badly arranged museum."

"There are some lovely things here," I said, managing to find my voice, but discovering that my brain was not yet working.

"Perhaps—but I do not care for antiques. Not too much. She stopped and looked at me. "Is there anything you wish to say to me?" she asked in another tone.

"Yes," I said. "Something quite serious."

Suddenly her gaze was intent. "It was you who telephoned?"

"It was my secretary."

"But she asked for Mr. Carnovali."

"I wanted to be certain he was not home," I explained.

"I am afraid I do not understand," she said, frowning a little.

"Don't misunderstand me," I said. "I did not in the least intend an impertinence. May I look at one of your hairpins?"

"Are you in earnest?"

"In deadly earnest."

Slowly her hand went to her head and withdrew a hairpin. She held it out to me without speaking. I took it with fingers which trembled so that I could scarcely hold it.

Madame Carnovali's eyes, troubled and luminous, held mine for a moment. Then I compelled myself to look at the pin. It was a pin of black wire, delicate and made—but it was not at all the pin which I had found inside the body of the murdered Hindu.

A sudden mist veiled before my eyes. I brushed it aside and looked at the pin again. No, I could not be mistaken. This was larger and of heavier wire. It lacked that graceful little oval at the top.

With a deep sigh of relief and thankfulness, I handed it back to her.

"Now," she said, as she replaced it in her hair, "perhaps you will be so good as to tell me the meaning of this."

"I am sure, I must seem extraordinary," I said, and my voice was a little uncertain. "That I should come out here and ask to look at one of your hairpins. But I had an excellent reason."

"I am most anxious to hear it."

"You have heard, I suppose, that some murder was committed last night at the house of Mr. Chunder?"

"Yes," I said. "It was in the paper this morning."

"It was a Hindu priest who was killed. His neck had been broken just as Verity's was."

"You mean it was the same person who did it?" she asked quickly.

"It would seem so. At least, it is a most unusual way of killing a man. The extraordinary thing is that you, Hindu as you are, while Godfrey and Simmonds and I were sitting in the next room, were still in a room between."

"And you heard nothing?"

"Not a thing. And then I thought of Godfrey. 'Nothing except the clanging of a door.' I added."

"Go on," she said, "I see no connection between all this and my hairpin."

"Afterwards," I said, "I found a hairpin lying beside the body."

She sat gazing at me blankly for a moment. Then she smiled—a smile of real amusement.

"You thought it was mine?" she asked.

"And you came here to find out?"

"The smile had become a grimace and I had the voice. But even at this age still lovely."

"No," I started out. "I was going to advise you to change your hairpins."

Her face softened, became more serene. A touch of color flowed into her cheeks. She was incredibly beautiful.

"Why did you wish to do this?" she asked.

"Because I don't want to see you involved in this affair," I answered. "I could not stand it. You are too fine, too lovely."

"You mean that some one else knows about your finding the hairpin?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, I would have hidden it if I had had the time, but Godfrey saw me pick it up."

I told her about giving it to him.

"What is he going to do with it?"

"He is going to turn it over to the police tonight," I answered.

"He told me so today. The police will investigate, of course. They will undoubtedly come here. I think Godfrey already suspects that it may be yours. That doesn't matter now," I added.

"But for a while I was terribly worried."

"Why did you think the pin belonged to me?" she asked.

"I don't know. It was very dainty and delicate. It reminded me of you."

"Will you describe it?" she asked, smiling a little.

"I made a rough sketch of it on the back of an envelope and passed it over to her. She looked at it for a moment.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked at last, "that you found

a hairpin like this inside the body of Mr. Chunder's house?"

"Yes—close beside it. It was caught in a rug."

She raised her hand to her head again, withdrew a pin and held it out to me.

"You see," she said, "I do use pins like that. Just three or four to hold the little locks at the side."

I could only stare at it. It was unaccountably the same pin. Then you were there? I murmured.

She looked at me curiously.

"Mr. Lester," she said, "I do not know whether I should feel complimented or insulted by your attitude. Evidently you believe that I murdered that miserable Hindu priest, and since you say that Professor Verity was killed by the same hand, you must believe that I killed him also. Really it is too ridiculous!"

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I could

21

An all year 'round Gift to the Busy Family

"Goodness," Mrs. Busy thinks to herself time and again during the mad Christmas season, "What would I do without Ivory?"

And she means just what she says.

"I'll just whisk those celanese curtains through Ivory suds before Mother Busy arrives," Mrs. Busy says to herself... "the saleswoman who sold them to me said they'd wash beautifully with Ivory."

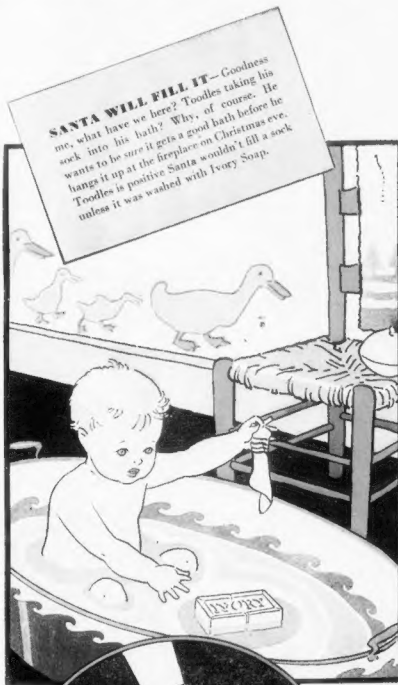
A little later she gets out the extra china that's been put away since last Christmas and gives it a quick Ivory sudsing.

The tapestry table runner that was spotted with ice cream by one

of Bobby's friends gets an Ivory sponge bath... and so does nearly everything in the house.

But don't think that the Ivory will be all used up... No sir! Mr. Busy will find a fresh cake in the bathtub as always... and young Toodles will have his daily bath with Ivory because he's had one every day since he was three days old when the doctor said, "Bathe him with Ivory."

The Busy family is like millions of nice families everywhere. They depend on their Ivory. Don't you yourself like Ivory best for just about every soap-and-water use?



FOR HOW MANY OF THESE PURPOSES HAVE YOU TRIED IVORY?

- Shampooing... with the new Ivory Snow or the new instantly-dissolving Ivory Flakes.
- Disinfecting... stronger soaps turn piano keys yellow.
- Polishing silverware... stronger soaps eat off glass.
- Removing stains... The alkali in strong soaps affects enamel.
- Spotting... Dip a brush into thick Ivory suds and apply to spot. Sponge off with cloth. You can clean Oriental rugs this way.
- Tea-staining... Dissolve one tablespoon Ivory Flakes in one quart of soft, hot water. When cool, stir in four tablespoons ammonia. String jewelry on a wire and immerse in the solution for fifteen minutes only; rinse in clean water and dry on as old, worn cotton cloth. Safe even for pearls.
- Preserving... damp cloth and Ivory. Clean a few inches at a time. Don't soak with water.
- Preserving... Ivory makes it wear longer. Strong soaps actually attack the linoleum.

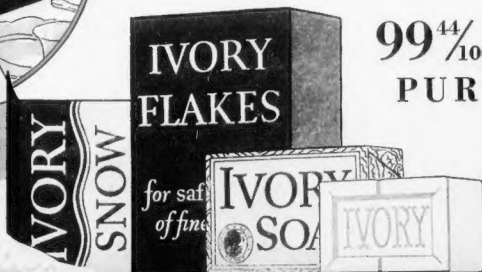


SUCH A RUSH CHRISTMAS

for Mrs. Busy! Extra leaves in dining table. Duorns more dishes to wash. And Mrs. Busy's guests can't find praise extravagant enough for her soft white hands. It's pleasant to win admiration for just using the best soap there is—Ivory.

IVORY SOAP

Kind to Everything it Touches



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀%
PURE